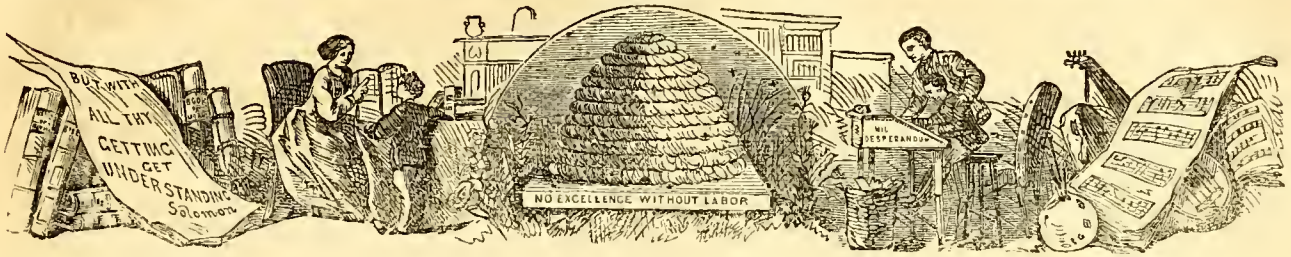


Holiness to the Lord!

# The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 7

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872.

NO. 17.

## ST. BERNARD AND ITS DOGS.

ALMOST every boy or girl who has a taste for reading has read something about the monks and dogs of St. Bernard, for they have gained a reputation wide as the civilized world, because of the deeds of mercy they have performed—because of the lives they have saved; and you can not write about either monks or dogs without having something to say of the other. In this article we want to tell you something about the dogs of St. Bernard, of which the accompanying engraving is a representation, engaged in the labor for which they are so famous, namely saving human life by rescuing from the snow, travelers when overcome by cold, or overwhelmed by the fearful avalanche.

There is no need to write anything here regarding the friendship that exists between the canine and the human race, that is, between dogs and men. You all know how true and affectionate the dog is to his master, he has a reputation for that, which nothing can rob him of, it is too well established. Of all the members of the brute creation there is not one which possesses the intelligence of the dog, and not one between which and man there exist so much affection and sympathy.

Intelligence and fidelity are characteristic of all the varieties of dogs in existence, but none display them to such a remarkable extent, and to so good purpose as the dog of St. Bernard. This is no doubt owing, a good deal, to the training he receives, for he is reared and trained with a special object in view, that object being to save human life.

You have all heard of the Alps—the highest range of mountains in Europe. They are situated principally in Switzerland, and separate that country from Italy; but they extend also into France and Austria. People from all parts of the civilized

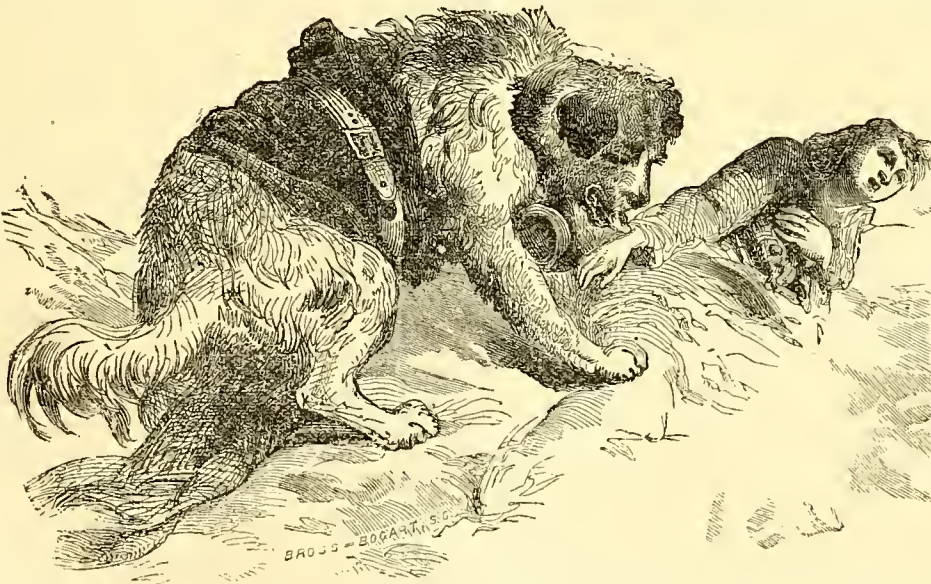
world, who have money enough to gratify a taste for travel, go and see the Alps, and travelers from almost every country make it a point to ascend some of their loftiest peaks; and on account of the great dangers of this undertaking, scarcely a year passes without some persons losing their lives, by being overtaken in snow storms, or being dashed to pieces by falling down the steep sides of the mountains and into the deep chasms for which the Alps have such a notoriety.

There are several noted passes for crossing the Alps, just as there are in crossing the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains; and there, as here, some of these passes are more dangerous than others. Among the passes of the Alps is one called the Pass of St. Bernard, and somewhere on this pass is a mon-

astery—a place in which a body of men spend their days chiefly, in religious exercises. They are called the Monks of St. Bernard. Besides devoting a large portion of their time to praise and prayer they have, from time immemorial, been noted for their acts of mercy in rescuing perishing travelers overtaken by the snow storms or avalanches so

common in the higher altitudes of the Alpine mountains. To aid them in these arduous and merciful labors the monks of St. Bernard have long since adopted the custom of training a large, hardy race of dogs, which were originally brought from Spain, which can not only endure the cold and toil which are necessarily involved in such perilous labors, but they can also, by scent, find the places where unfortunate travelers lie buried in the snow, and thus laboring together these charitable monks and their intelligent dogs have saved scores of lives.

The number of monks in the monastery is about twenty-five, and one of the rules of their establishment is to furnish food,





lodgings and guides to all travelers; and in the Winter season they have men who, accompanied by the dogs, are constantly employed in hunting for distressed travelers and in keeping the path clear on both the Italian and Swiss sides of the pass. If any human beings are found, overtaken either by snow storm or avalanche, the monks render every assistance possible, and do all that can be done to rescue and restore them.

Two of this celebrated race of dogs, one called "Barry," the other "Jupiter," have gained great fame for their sagacity, in rescuing perishing travelers. "Barry" saved a great number of lives; and the following anecdote, among many others, is recorded of "Jupiter." One morning he noticed a woman and child, without guide, passing the monastery, and, as if conscious that danger was in their path, "Jupiter" shortly afterwards followed them. The absence of the noble animal was soon noticed, and parties from the monastery tracked him, and found him a considerable distance off working away with his feet at a snow drift, in which the woman and child were perishing and would soon have been dead but for the assistance which his absence brought them.

There is every reason to believe that many lives are saved every year by means of these self-denying labors of mercy and love; and though no monuments are erected in honor, and few tongues sing the praise, of these obscure but noble toilers of the inhospitable mountain passes, their labors will be remembered, and their names honored by those indebted to their charity for succor and life, when the names of some of the prominent among earth's great and mighty ones will be forgotten, or if remembered, remembered only to be execrated.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### ANTHRACITE.

GEOLOGISTS are not as yet agreed as to the precise conditions of this planet when the immense deposits of carboniferous, or coal-making vegetation were formed. Lyell, in speaking of the vast bed of Pennsylvania anthracite, the nature of which substance will be explained below, says: "The accumulation of vegetable matter now constituting this bed, may perhaps, before it was condensed by pressure and the discharge of its hydrogen, oxygen, and other volatile ingredients, have been between 200 or 300 feet thick;" and, he goes on to say that, "The origin of such a vast thickness of vegetable remains, so unmingled with earthy ingredients, can, I think, be accounted for in no other way, than by the growth, during thousands of years, of trees and ferns, in the manner of peat." This seems reasonable. As to the conversion of vegetable masses into coal, chemical considerations alone are necessary to account for that: the elements of both wood and coal are alike, only in different proportions; take away a proper proportion of hydrogen and oxygen from the constituents of wood and either anthracite, coal, or lignite may remain.

But, to account for coal deposits, it is not necessary for the growth of vegetation to be precisely like that of peat, as described in the last article on fossil fuel, there are now vegetable accumulations being made that only require time, and similar conditions to those of former epochs, to provide coal for future generations. In the same way that peat grows, but in a different situation, viz., at the entrance of large rivers into the sea, there are forest-covered swamps where reeds, aquatic

plants, and other vegetable matter are accumulating, and have been for unknown centuries, forming compact carbonaceous material in which no earthy deposit, such as gravel, ever takes place. Around these swamps, or morasses, which are generally called "deltas," on account of their shape, resembling, as they do the triangular Greek letter D, there are banks that are covered with a luxuriant growth of reeds and brushwood that prevent the entrance of any sedimentary matter. In such places the peat will be entirely free from inorganic matter except that that ordinarily enters into the constituents of plants; and, when it has become compact and undergone the necessary chemical changes it may be converted into pitch-peat, lignite, or coal.

From the researches of Liebig and other eminent chemists, it appears that "when wood and vegetable matter are buried in the earth, exposed to moisture, and partially or entirely excluded from the air, they decompose slowly and evolve carbonic acid gas, thus parting with a portion of their original oxygen." By this means they lose their bulk and increase in hydrogen; this means that they become more compact and heavy, and more inflammable. Lignite, or wood-coal, retains the structure of the wood, more or less, according to the amount of decomposition it has undergone. For, a continuance of decomposition changes this lignite into common, or bituminous coal, chiefly by the discharge of carburetted hydrogen," a gas composed of carbon and hydrogen.

Perhaps the student has read about the terrible explosions that occur from time to time in coal mines, these are caused by those decompositions that are still going on, in places. Bischoff states that "inflammable gases are constantly being generated and given off by mineral coal." The gases he enumerates are "carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen, nitrogen and olefiant gas." He accounts for the formation of anthracite, a hard, shining, heavy kind of fuel, found in Pennsylvania and other places, by the escape of these gases from bituminous coal. Mr. Frink, a gentleman who lectured on chemistry in this city lately, suggests that "the elements themselves have combined directly to form coal." There is no difficulty in their doing so under certain circumstances, for instance when there is adequate pressure of inflammable gases at a high temperature.

Any way we may safely conclude that anthracite is bituminous coal deprived of a portion of its hydrogen; according to Rignault, Pennsylvania anthracite is ninety-two per cent. carbon to about two and a half per cent. hydrogen; that of Swansea, South Wales, is ninety-two of carbon with less hydrogen; all the anthracites enumerated are low in the proportion of hydrogen to carbon, with less oxygen and nitrogen than bituminous coal or lignite.

Anthracite does not contain impressions of plant, as coal often does, it is glossy-black, often with a play of colors, it breaks with a fracture different to coal, conchoidal, or shell shaped; it is considered by geologists as the earliest of the formations of fossil fuel.

BETH.

AN old writer has said:—"God looks not at the oratory of our prayers, how eloquent they are; nor at their geometry, how long they are; nor at their arithmetic, how many they are; nor at their logic, how methodical they are; but he looks at their sincerity, how spiritual they are."

PERSUASION and conviction are the ends which a public speaker should aim at. A good speech is stamped with simplicity, directness, and vigor of thought and expression. The discourse that moves a man to a pure life and noble deeds is rhetorically correct. If a man would *do*, he must first *be*.



## ETYMOLOGY.

THERE are few boys and girls who like to study grammar, there is something dry and uninteresting about it to most young minds, and when a pupil has "gone through" his grammar course, though he may be able to give the definitions of the various classes of words, and parse ordinary sentences with tolerable ease, his knowledge of the science of grammar is generally very superficial; and the fact is, an extensive acquaintance with language and the laws which govern it can not be acquired without long and very close study.

You all know that grammar books contain four divisions or sections—orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody. Orthography, however, which simply means the correct spelling of words, is never taught in grammars, and etymology only very superficially; the chief point with the small grammar book-makers seems to be to make the rules of syntax clear, that being the part of grammar which explains the relations which the several classes of words bear to each other and teaches the learner to parse etc. But after all, to acquire any very extended knowledge of his native tongue, the English or American pupil must study etymology.

The word Etymology is from the two Greek words *etymon*, meaning root or primitive word, and *logos*, a speech or discourse, so that etymology, in its extended signification, is that branch of the science of language which explains the roots or foundation of words themselves, and hence you see that, to have a good knowledge of the signification of words, an understanding of etymology is indispensable.

In this article we intend to furnish you with the etymology of several words with which most of you are familiar, which will illustrate to you in a simple manner the value of etymological studies, and to begin we will take the word *electric telegraph*. You all know that this is the name applied to an invention, by which with the use of certain signs or signals—a kind of abbreviated writing—messages can be instantly sent to or received from a place a long distance off. Well, the etymology of the word explains this, for electricity, from which *electric* is derived, is but another name for lightning; while telegraph is derived from the two Greek words *tele*, meaning "afar" and *grapho* to write, hence, electric telegraph, as you now see by the root words from which it is derived, means to write or send words from a distance by lightning. There are many other words in which the root *grapho* enters, among which we may call your attention to photography, phonography, stenography, biography, lithography and autobiography. *Grapho*, you see, enters into all these and means writing, or something equivalent to it. For instance you all know that a photograph is a picture produced by the action of light on a chemically prepared plate or card. Now, the first portion of the word photograph—photo—is from the Greek *photos*, meaning light, and a photograph is the impression of something produced or written by light.

In the word pronography, you again see the same root *grapho*—to write, and the entire word is composed of that, and the Greek word *phone*, meaning sound, and phonography is the name given to a system of shorthand writing, in which signs are used to represent the sounds uttered by a speaker. Stenography is another name given to systems of shorthand not having sound for their basis, but which, by a series of abbreviations and arbitrary signs, represent the principal letters or combination of letters in the words spoken. Here again, the etymology of the word fully explains its meaning, for it is derived from *stenos*, short, and *grapho*, to write, and means, literally, a system of short writing.

Biography means a written account of the life of an individual, and the word is derived from *bios* life, and *grapho*. The word autobiography has the same derivation as the above, with

the addition of *autos*—one's self, and the word means an account of a person's life written by himself.

You have all heard the word polygamy very often, and without going to its root words you know what it means. But its etymology is *poly*, meaning several or many, and *gamos*, marriage. Monogamy, is the term applied to the one-wife system; and the word is derived from the root *monos*, one or single, and *gamos*.

The word neuralgia is another word in common use, the etymology of which forcibly explains its meaning. It comes from the two words *neuron*, a nerve, and *algos*, pain, and the word, as some of you perhaps know by painful experience, means a pain in the nerves.

Microscope and telescope are two words whose etymology is worth remembering. You probably know that a microscope is an instrument used to examine objects that are far too small to be seen by the unassisted eye; and microscope is derived from the two Greek words *micros*, small, and *scopeo*, I see. A telescope is an instrument used to examine objects that are too distant to be seen distinctly by the unassisted eye; and if you remember the derivation of the first part of the word telegraph, and combine with that the derivation of the latter part of the word microscope, you will know why the name telescope was given to the instrument.

You have all heard about, and some of you have suffered from the power of, mobocrats, or mobocracy. The first part of this word—mob—a name now given to an assemblage of disorderly persons, is derived from the Latin language; the latter part—"cracy," is from the Greek word *krateo*, to hold or govern, and mobocracy means mob power, or mob rule. The word "theocracy" is from *krateo*, and *theos*—God, and means, as you see by its roots, the rule or government of God. Democracy, is another English word in which the root *krateo* enters; the first part of the word is from the Greek *demos*—the people, and democracy means the government of the people. One word more in which this same root appears, that is aristocracy. This is derived from *aristos*, meaning best, and *krateo*, and means the government of the best. In the various nationalities of Europe the governing classes are called the aristocracy.

All the preceding examples are from the Greek. Thousands more might be given from the same language, and as many might be furnished from the Latin, large numbers also from the German, Dutch, Anglo-Saxon, and other languages; but for fear of wearying you, we will conclude with just one or two from the Latin.

*Scribo* is a Latin word, meaning I write, and the Latin verb to write enters into a large number of English words, such as inscribe, to write in; subscribe, to write under. Also prescribe, describe, scribe and others.

Just one example more and we have done, that is, "biscuit"—a word which all of you know the meaning of. In this country the name biscuit is given to ordinary, soft bread, or rather cakes; but in England the name biscuit is applied only to what, in this country, are called "crackers," that is hard-baked bread, or bread in which there is no crumb. Now, if we allow the roots of the word biscuit to determine its meaning, we shall find that it is improperly used in this country, for it is derived from *bis*, meaning twice, and *cuire*, to cook, meaning, literally, bread that is twice cooked, or baked; that is to say, if the ordinary soft bread be cooked, the biscuit or "cracker" has to be double or twice cooked.

If this rough sketch, in illustration of the utility of etymological studies, should induce you to pay more attention to them than you have hitherto done, it will, indirectly, be the means of making you more extensively acquainted with the true meaning of words and the correct use of language than you could ever hope to be in any other way; and without this no man has the least claim to be considered an educated English scholar.



# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**T**HE Twenty-fourth of July is a day that, we hope, will always be remembered and commemorated by the people who dwell in these valleys. It was on that day, in the year 1847, that the Pioneers, led by President Brigham Young, emerged from Emigration Canyon and beheld the waters of Great Salt Lake in the distance, and the valley stretching out before them. Well could they sing in the words of the poet, Brother William Clayton, himself one of the Pioneers:

"We've found the place which God for us prepared,  
Far away in the West;  
Where none shall come to hurt, nor make afraid;  
There the Saints will be blest."

They were weary pilgrims, fleeing from persecution, and seeking amid these then desolate wilds that peace and freedom from attacks, which they could not have among so-called "Christians." From the month of February, 1846, about eighteen months previous, the leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and many of the people had been wanderers without a fixed home. On this day they had, at last, found a place which God told them was the spot of which they were in search. Here, they were told, was their future home to be; and here they have lived since that time, and the Saints from many lands have gathered and also found homes. It is most proper, therefore, that the day should always be honored by the children of the men who were thus led here.

But this Twenty-fourth has been a sad one to the Saints in this city because of an accident. One of President D. H. Wells' sons—George A. Wells—aged 12 years, was awakened early in the morning by some of his playmates, and went off with them to celebrate the day by burning powder. He had a pistol which he had borrowed of one of them, and which he had loaded with powder and gravel. As he was a little boy, his mother had always been careful to not let him have fire-arms for fear of accident. He did not, therefore, know much about handling a pistol. He had pointed it at some pigeons; but thought it was only half-cocked, and while trying to put the hammer down on the cap, he turned the muzzle towards his person and it went off, the gravel entering his bowels. The pistol was doubtless full-cocked, and not half-cocked as he supposed, and he probably touched the trigger in trying to put the hammer down. He lived only a few hours after being shot.

By this terrible accident one of the most promising boys of his age in the city was suddenly cut down, to the great grief of his parents and other relatives and friends. All who knew him loved him, and they would have done anything in their power to have saved him. But death had marked him for his prey, and he could not be kept here.

The death of this youth conveys a lesson full of warning to the living. Why must we celebrate our holidays, such as the Fourth and the Twenty-fourth of July and Christmas and New Year's days, by burning powder, firing pistols, guns and fire-crackers? If we were the most barbarous people in the world, we could not celebrate them in a more senseless way. On the

morning of such days no one can sleep, for from daybreak and sometimes long before, the firing of guns and pistols is loud and constant. Such a way of keeping up a holiday is a nuisance, and we heartily wish that some other method of expressing joy could be adopted. In many large cities the authorities have passed laws against burning powder in this manner on such occasions. It is dangerous to property and life, many fires having been caused by fire-crackers.

We have no objection to the Juveniles learning to shoot guns and pistols when they have some careful person to teach them how to do so. Every young man should learn to handle weapons and to become skilled in their use; for he may be called upon to defend himself and his country against foes. But shooting at random on a holiday will not give him this skill. While the present practice prevails, little boys are apt to meet with accidents, because they will frequently get powder unknown to their parents and are liable to injure themselves or somebody else. A little boy of our acquaintance had a narrow escape from blindness by the explosion of powder on the Fourth of July. He was playing with some other boys, firing crackers and touching off powder, and while busy with his face near the ground blowing the end of a cracker to have it go off, one of his companions threw some fire in a pile of powder that was on the ground. It exploded in Johnny's face; very fortunately he shut his eyes in time to save the balls from being burned; but his face was badly blistered and he had a very sorry time of it for many days.

Little readers, be careful in handling fire-arms and in using powder. They are made to destroy people. If you have occasion to use a weapon, even if it is not loaded, never point the muzzle towards yourself or any other person. Many persons have been killed by guns being pointed at them which were thought to be empty. Instead of disturbing the sick and annoying those who are well on holidays by the racket which guns, pistols and fire-crackers make, adopt some other method of celebration which is not so noisy and dangerous. If you do so, you will enjoy yourselves quite as well.

**I**N looking over the contents of this number of the INSTRUCTOR, you will find one article headed "Talleyrand and Arnold." Do not fail to read that, boys and girls, for it shows the fate that awaits traitors—a fate from which not one of them can escape, and hence the lesson taught by this short extract can not be other than salutary.

Talleyrand is a name famous in modern French history, for he was created a prince by the first Napoleon and for a number of years was one of his chief ministers of State. Before that time, however—during the Reign of Terror in France, Talleyrand, while Bishop of Autun, was proscribed by the authorities and, to save his life, had to leave his native country; and before embarking at Havre, the singular interview between him and Arnold, the history of which you have in this number, took place. Having explained this much about Talleyrand, we will give a few words to Arnold.

Benedict Arnold is a name that its owner will be ashamed of, perhaps for ever, for he was the man who, during the war of independence waged by the American colonies against Great Britain, sought to betray his country by delivering into the hands of the British, West Point, on the Hudson—one of the strongest military posts in the colonies, which, it was expected, would have been a deathblow to the hopes of the revolutionists. The plot was discovered and the agent of the British in the transaction—Major Andre, was put to death by Washington; but Arnold made his escape to England and, for his treachery to his country, was well rewarded by his country's foes; but although wealthy, and a man of great ability and high rank in the military profession, he was scorned by all. His name became a hiss and a byword among his countrymen,



and in England he was thoroughly despised and never admitted into honorable society on account of his treachery. Such was the fate of the traitor Benedict Arnold, and when found by Talleyrand, he was as he represented, and even worse than that, for he was a man without a "single friend," not only in "all America," but, probably in all the world.

This is the doom of all traitors. There have been numbers of them in this Church, from the days of the Prophet Joseph until to-day. What has become of those of the past? They are forgotten, or if remembered at all, their names are covered with shame that time, in all the ages of its flight, will never obliterate or eradicate. However bright the prospects before them when, Judas-like, they deserted the cause of truth and sought to destroy their former friends, those prospects faded, and they soon found themselves without a friend in the world. No person can respect traitors to any cause; they are despised and scorned by all men. They can not trust one another, and go where they may, the evidence of their infamy cleaves to them like the mark placed by the finger of Omnipotence upon Cain the murderer.

Look at the traitors in our midst to-day—the men who have apostatized from the kingdom, and are now seeking its overthrow and the destruction of those whom they formerly called brethren. Where can you find a more despicable set? Nowhere on earth. They cling together, but they have neither faith in nor friendship for each other. Good men, here and everywhere else, "Mormons" or outsiders, despise them. Like Arnold they have not a true friend anywhere in the world, and like him and Judas Iscariot their names will be handed down to everlasting shame and disgrace; and this being the inevitable doom of traitors, we therefore say that the lesson taught in the sketch of the two notables published in this number, is worth remembering.

## THE ROBIN.

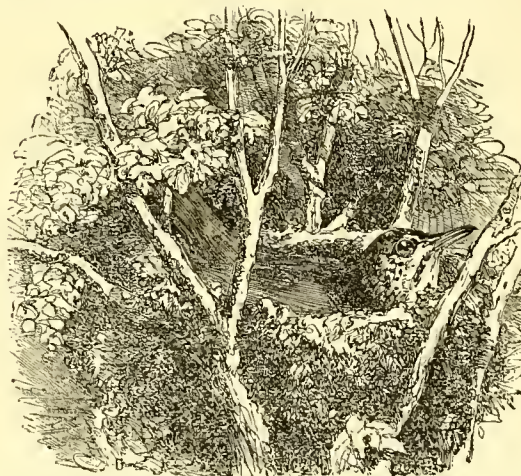
IN the middle of the last number of the "JUVENILE" there was, as you remember, a beautiful little engraving of children gathering flowers. This week you have one quite as attractive, and one which you will all admire, for Robin Redbreast is a great favorite wherever he is found. You know how general is the love of flowers, and it is about the same with birds. They are all so fragile and innocent, you can not help loving them, and we never knew a boy or girl who did not like them. When you hear the song of a bird, no matter whether it be a single chirp, or a glorious warble and trill, such as the nightingale, lark or canary pours forth, you can not help loving it. There is a great variety of birds, but they are all graceful, and no matter whether their feathers are gaudy as the tiny humming bird, or plain as the sparrow, they have a power to win the love and kindness of those who behold them that few other things in the world possess. What a beautiful little creature the canary is! His feathers are as yellow and brilliant as burnished gold, and his song is delightful to listen to. He is the pet of and is admired by all.

In this country the small native birds are more noted for the beauty of their plumage than for the sweetness of their song. In Europe it is just the opposite—their sweet song and not the beauty of their plumage is the great attraction there. You can not find any native bird there that, for a beautiful appearance, can compare with the humming bird, numbers of which you may see almost any day by taking a stroll on the hills; and you would hunt in vain here for a bird with a song that, for sweetness, can compare with the nightingale or lark, both common in England. But of all the song birds of Great Britain none is such a general favorite as the one represented by the above engraving—the Robin, his pet name being Robin Redbreast. This is not because of his fine song, for that, though sweet, is

nothing to that of the lark, thrush, blackbird, nightingale and others.

There are several reasons why the Robin has such a firm friend in man. Many other birds are migratory, that is, they fly off to warm climates when Winter comes. Not so with the redbreast. In the Winter season, with its cold and snow, and leafless trees, Robin very often seeks shelter in the farm-houses. He makes his wants known by pecking at the windows, and he sometimes flies in, and gladly picks up the crumbs that are strewn on the floor for him. Quite frequently, too, in the fields and gardens, he will hop and chirp around the workmen, and so shows his friendship and love for his human fellow-creatures. Robin has some other curious features in his character, that seem very much at variance with what has been said of him, for while many other kinds of the small birds live together harmoniously in large numbers, and show no disposition for human society and friendship, Robin lives alone, always quarrels and fights with his own kind, never leaves the country for warmer climates, and in the cold season, as we have already said, acknowledges his helplessness by seeking the aid of human friends. You may be sure that he never seeks help in vain, and it is this very characteristic that makes everybody his friend.

Nearly all the poets of Britain have had something to say about Robin, and so much is he loved by the people, that a



common saying among them is that misfortune or bad luck of some kind is sure to overtake him who kills or harms a Robin. This, of course, is nonsense, but it shows what a favorite this bird is. He is quite a handsome little fellow too, so far as plumage is concerned, nothing, however, like the beauties to be found in some parts of this country. His throat and breast are of a deep reddish orange color; his belly is white, his head and the upper parts of his body are brown, tinged with olive; his eyes are large, black and sparkling; his bill slender. Robin builds his nest near the ground, by the roots of trees, and sometimes in old buildings, and always conceals it from view as artfully as possible. His song consists of only one or two notes, but they are very pleasing, and are most commonly heard when the shades of evening are advancing.

Alluding to the Robin's habit of seeking shelter and food from and with human kind, in the cold season of the year, one of the poets says:

"Half afraid, he first  
Against the window beats, then brisk alights  
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And picks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
Till, more familiar grown, the table crums  
Attract his slender feet."

In this country there is a beautiful little bird called the



"Blue Redbreast," but he lacks those traits of character which make the English Robin such a very general favorite.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

(Concluded.)

WE shall now relate to you, very briefly, the particulars of a singular case of circumstantial evidence, which occurred in the City of York, England. A Mrs. Hannah White, who kept a public house, had a waiter named Thomas Geddeley. One morning this man was missing, and at the same time the money safe of Mrs. White was found broken open and robbed. In those days railways and telegraphs were not invented, and it was not so easy to track and discover criminals as it is now, and efforts to discover Geddeley were fruitless. About a year after, a man calling himself James Crow made his appearance in York, and he so closely resembled the missing Geddeley that people who had known the latter, believed Crow to be Geddeley under another name. Under this impression Crow was arrested, and Mrs. White and the servant maid at the public house both swore that he was Geddeley; and, to cut the matter short, although the man declared that he was not Geddeley and that he had never been in York before, he was tried and hanged for the robbery.

A short time after, the real Thomas Geddeley was arrested for robbery in Dublin, and was condemned to death, and before his execution he confessed that he had robbed Mrs. White, at York, thus, when too late, proving the innocence of the unfortunate man who had been executed on circumstantial evidence only.

Another most extraordinary case was that which led to the death of a man named Jonathan Bradford, an innkeeper in Oxfordshire, England, the main particulars of which are as follows:

One night three gentlemen stayed at Bradford's inn, one of whom, named Hayes, happened, during conversation, to say that he was traveling with a large sum of money on him. Mr. Hayes slept in a room by himself, and the other two gentlemen, in an adjoining room. Shortly after going to bed, these two were disturbed by hearing moans and groans in the room adjoining theirs, as if some person were in great pain and suffering. As the groans continued, they got out of their beds, got a light and went to the room from which the groans issued, and there found Mr. Hayes, dripping with blood, in the agonies of death, the landlord of the inn, Bradford, standing over him, with a bloody knife in his hand, as if he had just done the murder. Mr. Hayes died, and Bradford was arrested and tried for the murder. He declared his innocence to the last, saying in his defence that, having heard groans in the room, he had gone there to see what was the matter, and he found Mr. Hayes in the condition already described. This story did not help him, for circumstances seemed to point so strongly to his guilt, that he was condemned and executed.

Eight months after, the innocence of Bradford was proved, for the valet of Mr. Hayes, who was with him at the inn in Oxfordshire, confessed, while on his death-bed, that he murdered and robbed his master.

One of the most remarkable cases of the death of an innocent party through circumstantial evidence, occurred in France, near the close of the last century, the victim being a man of moderate fortune named Joseph Lesurques, who, with his wife and three children, arrived in the city of Paris, with the intention of residing there, on the 23d of April, 1796. Four days later—on the 27th—four mounted men, dressed in long cloaks and wearing sabres, were seen to leave Paris, as if on a party of pleasure, going in the direction of the forest of Lenart—the

road taken by the coach from Paris to Lyons. At several places between Paris and the forest of Lenart these four horsemen stopped to drink liquor and partake of refreshments, at one of which, one of them got his spur mended, and at another, one of them left his sabre, forgetting it, and about an hour after galloped back for it. These circumstances, trivial and unimportant in themselves, afterwards became important, and led to the conviction of the perpetrators of a terrible crime.

On the morning after the above the mail coach to Lyons was found robbed of its contents, the courier dead, from a wound through his heart; the driver also dead, his head cut open, his right hand split in two, and three wounds in his breast. Some of the wounds had evidently been made with sabres.

The committal of such a dreadful crime caused intense indignation, and the officers of justice made every effort to discover the guilty parties, and they quickly learned that five persons had passed the barrier of Rambouillet, proceeding to Paris, at an early hour of the morning on which the murder and robbery were discovered. They also learned that, on the same morning, four horses, quite tired and covered with foam, had been returned by two persons to a livery stable, where they had been hired the evening before. The names of the men who delivered the horses were Bernard and Couriol, the former of whom was promptly arrested, Couriol escaped, but was afterwards traced to a distant town, and arrested, a sum of money being found on him equal to about a third of that taken from the coach. At the house in which Couriol was staying when arrested, was a man named Guesno, a carrier, who was also taken in charge by the officers on suspicion of being connected with the murder; but when taken before the justice at Paris, Guesno fully satisfied him of his innocence, and he was discharged, but he had to wait until next morning for certain papers which had been seized when he was arrested, and for which he was directed to apply on the following morning to the magistrate who discharged him. And now commences the singular part of this most singular case of circumstantial evidence.

This man Guesno was a friend of Mr. Lesurques, and it happened that, while he was on the way to the police office to obtain his papers, on the morning following his discharge, he met Lesurques, and they walked to the office together; and while conversing together there, awaiting the arrival of the magistrate, they were noticed by two women waiting in the office, summoned as witnesses in the same murder case for which Guesno had been arrested.

You will remember, it was stated above, that the four horsemen while traveling in the direction of the forest of Lenart, stayed at several places for refreshments. Well, these women were servants at two of those places, and when they saw Guesno and Lesurques together in the police office, they both declared to the magistrate that in them they recognized two of these horsemen. Guesno and Lesurques were forthwith arrested and they, Couriol, and two others subsequently arrested, were all brought to trial, during the course of which most of them were sworn to by the witnesses; but Guesno proved his innocence and was discharged. Lesurques produced about fifteen witnesses, respectable citizens of Paris, who swore that on the day of the murder, they were in his company at his house, or theirs, and that it was impossible for him to have been at the scene of murder. At the close of the trial one of the prisoners, Couriol, confessed his own guilt, and declared that Lesurques was not guilty, but that he very much resembled one who took part in the crime, named Dubosq, who had made his escape. Similar evidence was also afforded by one of the witnesses, but it was not believed, and they were all five condemned, Lesurques and two of the others to death, the other two to imprisonment.

Some years after, the man Dubosq was captured, charged with being one of the murderers of the courier and coachman, and



was identified by one of the principal witnesses against Lesurques, who then declared that she had been mistaken when she testified against Lesurques. Dubosq was tried and condemned and, seeing no hope of escape, he confessed that he was guilty, and that Lesurques had had no hand in committing the crime.

Our young readers will have seen, by these hasty sketches of the most noted cases of circumstantial evidence on record, how serious a responsibility rests upon those who take part in criminal trials, whether as witnesses, jurymen, or judges; and that however strong and conclusive circumstantial evidence may seem, there is often imminent danger of inflicting irreparable injury and wrong on our fellow creatures, by condemning them to death, or life-long misery and punishment, for crimes of which they are innocent.

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

THE plan which President Young proposed was that the Camp of Israel proceed to a point on Grand River, and fence in a large field, build a number of log cabins, plow some land and put in Spring crops, and thus spend the time till the weather settled, then select men and families to take care of the improvements while the rest of the camp should proceed westward. He also proposed to send men back from Grand River to look out a new and better road, so that the companies which were coming out from Nauvoo might avoid the bad roads, creeks and settlements through which the leading camp had passed. The settlement on Grand River could be made a stopping place for those who had not sufficient means to proceed on their journey.

The Saints, as you know, left Nauvoo in February; from that time until the 19th of April no out-door meeting had been held. The weather had been too severe to hold such meetings. That day was Sunday, and it was fine. A meeting was called and the Saints felt that it was a great privilege to assemble together once more. But do you not think that when the weather was so inclement, President Young had good reasons to propose spending the time at Grand River until the weather settled? But, though they held an out-door meeting on the 19th of April, the day was not altogether fine. The 10th of May was the first Sunday which they had from the time of leaving Nauvoo, that was entirely free from storms.

On the 24th of April a place for a settlement was selected on Grand River, to which the name of Garden Grove was given. At the council, which was held two days after, three hundred and fifty-nine laboring men were reported in camp, besides trading commissaries and herdsmen. From these one hundred were selected to make rails under the superintendence of C. C. Rich, James Pace, Lewis D. Wilson and Stephen Markham. Ten, under James Allred, were appointed to build fences. Forty-eight, under Father John Smith, to build houses. Twelve, under Jacob Peart, to dig wells. Ten, under A. P. Rockwood, to build bridges. The remainder, under the direction of Daniel Spencer, to be employed in clearing land, plowing and planting. There was no room for idlers there. The camp was like a hive of bees, every one was busy. And withal, the people felt well and were happy. President Young was full of zeal and courage himself, and his example had a good effect upon the rest. When the weather became favorable, meetings were often held, and the people were instructed and encouraged. At a meeting at Garden Grove he told the Saints that some had turned back, and perhaps more would, but he hoped better things of them. Said he:

"We have set out to find a land and a resting place, where

we can serve the Lord in peace. We will leave some here, because they cannot go farther at present. They can stay here and recruit, and by and by pack up and come on, while we go a little farther and lengthen out the cords and build a few more stakes; and so continue on until we can gather all the Saints, and plant them in a place where we can build the house of the Lord in the tops of the mountains."

At the same meeting he said:

"I know that if this people will be united and will hearken to counsel, the Lord will give them every desire of their hearts. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and He intends that the Saints shall possess it as soon as they are able to bear prosperity."

These words have been strictly fulfilled thus far. Notwithstanding the many weaknesses of which the people have been guilty, when they have repeated He has forgiven them, and He has granted unto them, thus far, every righteous desire of their hearts. He has also prospered and enriched them, and given them a foretaste of the blessings He has in store for them if they will be faithful to Him.

While founding a settlement and providing a stopping place for the Saints who could not, for the want of means, proceed farther on their journey, President Young and his brethren of the Twelve Apostles were not forgetful of what they had to do towards finding a final resting place. At Garden Grove President Young had an examination made to learn what available means there was in camp to furnish an outfit for one hundred young men to go over the Rocky Mountains to put in crops. This appeared to rest constantly on his mind, and though this company of pioneers was not fitted out that year, for various reason which we will explain as we proceed with this history, yet President Young never lost sight of it for an hour; but all his plans and movements shaped to that end. At Garden Grove he had a list of articles made out which would be required for an outfit. Each man was to have two hundred and fifty pounds of flour, with other necessary articles in proportion; and every four persons were to have one wagon, four oxen or mules and one cow.

Speaking upon this subject of a company going ahead, President Young told the Saints in public meeting that:

"When the removal westward was in contemplation at Nauvoo, had the brethren submitted to our [the Twelve Apostles'] counsel, and brought their teams and means and authorized me to do with them as the Spirit and wisdom of the Lord directed, then we could have fitted out a company of men, who were not encumbered with large families, and sent them over the mountains to put in crops and build houses, and the residue could have gathered, beginning with the Priesthood, and the gathering continued from year to year, building and planting at the same time. Were matters to be so conducted, none would be found crying for bread, or destitute of clothing; but all would be provided for, as designed by the Almighty. But instead of taking this course the Saints have crowded on us all the while, and have completely tied our hands by importuning and saying, 'Do not leave us behind. Wherever you go we want to go, and be with you;' and thus our hands and feet have been bound, which has caused our delay to the present time; and now hundreds at Nauvoo are continually praying and importuning with the Lord that they may overtake us, and be with us. And just so it is with the Saints here. They are afraid to let us go on and leave them behind; forgetting that they have covenanted to help the poor away at the sacrifice of all their property."

Elder Samuel Bent was appointed to preside at Garden Grove, and Elders Aaron Johnson and David Fullmer were appointed as his counsellors. It was also voted that each man who remained there should have his land assigned to him by the Presidency in proportion to the number of his family.

(To be continued.)



TALLEYRAND AND  
ARNOLD.

THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every vestige of power or property, he secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going, a wanderer in a strange land, to earn his bread by labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up-stairs who is either an American or an Englishman, but which I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood at the stranger's door—knocked and entered.

"In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead. He gazed in Talleyrand's face from beneath his downcast brows with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will; his form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—confessed that he was a fugitive—and that, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English:

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without a friend or hope. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter, that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes in Paris have filled me with such horror that a life of labor would be paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has, doubtless, many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes still looking from behind his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward, and his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hands to God and say: 'I have not a single friend, not one, in all America.'"

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name?"

"My name," he said, with a smile which had more of mockery than of joy in its convulsive expression, "my name is Benedict Arnold!"

He had gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair, gasping the words:

"Arnold, the traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth—another Cain, with a murderer's mark upon his brow. The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

*Selected.*

THE answer to the Charade in No. 15 is PORCUPINE. Correct solutions have been received from Joseph H. Parry, John Q. Cannon, Franklin J. Cannon, Henry C. Barrell and James H. Anderson, Salt Lake City.

## Selected Poetry.

## WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother, watch the little feet  
Climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;  
Never mind the moments lost;  
Never mind the time it costs;  
Little feet will go astray:  
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand  
Picking berries by the way,  
Making houses in the sand,  
Tossing up the fragrant hay;  
Never dare the question ask,  
"Why to me the weary task?"  
These same little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,  
Prating eloquent and wild;  
What is said and what is sung  
By the joyous, happy child.  
Catch the word while yet unspoken,  
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;  
This same tongue may yet proclaim  
Blessings in the Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,  
Beating soft and warm for you;  
Wholesome lessons now impart;  
Keep, O keep that young heart true!  
Extricating every weed,  
Sowing good and precious seed;  
Harvest rich you then may see  
Ripen for eternity.

## POMPOSITY.

Hold not thy head too high, my friend,  
For surely you must know,  
The heaviest heads of wheat will bend  
The cock on which they grow;  
And everywhere the loveliest flowers  
Bloom nearest to the ground—  
The sweetest songsters of the wood  
In lowly shades abound.

Hold not thy head too high, my friend,  
Though rich in land or gold;  
The throngs that on thy steps attend  
Speak not the thoughts they hold;  
Their true respect is only paid  
Where worthiness they see—  
Whose deferential bows are made  
Unto thy wealth, not thee!

Hold not thy head too high, my friend,  
What'er thy station here;  
For brain will triumph in the end—  
What then will be thy sphere!  
We envy not the lordly tread,  
Nor at thy lot repine;  
Who could not hold erect a head  
That weighs so light as thine?

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